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ANOTHER PRIVATE SNAP CHARITY. Comptroller Grout has developed a keen scent for charity scandals. His unearthing of abuses in the Institute for the Improved Instruction of Dumb Children has been followed by discoveries of a graver state of affairs in the Colored Orphan Asylum on Dean street in

This institution deserves more than passing notice for Its remarkable development of the idea that a good man in office should be good to his family. The disclosures show that the manager of the asylum, W. H. M. Johnson, now a patriarch of eighty, has been in charge for more than thirty years. The last published list of employees reports nine Johnsons as holding office and sixteen supported there. The main guy of the institution appears to have been its "collecting agent," who solicited funds among the wealthy for the children confined in the asylum. It is charged by the Comptroller that fifty per cent. of the money thus collected was appropriated for "collection fees."

The Comptroller's investigation of the asylum's commissary department showed a great appetite among the Johnsons for frogs' legs, Philadelphia spring chicken and other table delicacies-bought for the children but not eaten by them, however. The childish palate is not educated up to frogs' legs. And gravest of all the disclosures is that of indignities inflicted on the older girls.

This is the second exposure we have had within a few months of disgraceful conditions at charitable institutions. The Comptroller deserves the highest commendation for his uncovering of abuses.

MOLINEUX'S TESTIMONY.

Molineux's story, told at great length on the witness stand yesterday, was one of the most dramatic recitals ever heard in a courtroom. The wonder is that after nearly four years of prison life his mind should have retained the elasticity which kept him clear-headed through the trying ordeal and rendered him a match in mental alertness for the State's remorseless cross-examiner. To be affable and smiling and cool under such a strain showed extraordinary nervous control. To steer a safe course through the pitfalls set for him, conscious that a slip would prejudice his case perhaps fatally, showed a no less extraordinary control of the mental faculties. Even those most sure of Molineux's guilt credit him with a masterly exhibition of astuteness. He helped his case where the chances were all in favor of his harming it.

OBJECT-LESSON MAPS.

Commissioner Woodbury some time ago had a large sectional map of the city streets prepared on which every hole in the pavements was indicated by neat little marks in red and blue ink. The object of the map was to show the difficulty of keeping the streets clean with these innumerable defects and depressions in the pavements serving as storehouses for dust and debris. It was a rather striking exhibit on the kindergarten object lesson order of somebody's neglect and the Mayor, impressed by it, has sent the map to President Cantor. President Cantor, likewise impressed, has ordered the defects repaired.

This form of argument having thus been shown to be so effective, why should not its use be extended? Why should it not be employed in Commissioner Partridge's department? A police map prepared on similar lines would make a most convincing showing. On it would appear the 128 Raines law hotels which, by the affidavits of Parkhurst Society detectives, violate all the provisions of their licenses. With them would be shown the gambling-houses and pool-rooms, the area embracing Capt. Walsh's precinct peppered with red and blue marks. It would show red lights not yet extinguished on the east side. And with the other marks there would be some conspicuous ones to indicate the scenes of midnight hold-ups on main-travelled thoroughfares from the City Hall to Broadway near the Metropolitan Opera-House. It would be a convincing example of kindergarten topography

A CANDIDATE'S DRESS COAT.

The fact that young Mr. Burton Harrison possesses a dress coat is made much of by his political opponents. Reference is also made to the fact that at the Madison Square Hall meeting some of the candidate's friends who were present were clad in the objectionable garment.

And yet if Mr. Harrison's coat is a well-cut coat we fail to see any valid cause for objection to it. Polonius's advice is still good; if Mr. Harrison can afford to patronize a first-class tailor it is his duty to himself and the community to do so. Has not another and a greater Mr. Harrison assured us that a cheap coat makes a cheap man? Apparently the wish to criticise the candidate is father to the fault-finding with his coat. There would he legitimate occasion to say something about his clothes if he had made his speech in a tweed suit. Tweed suits are all right in their place, but not at weddings or on the platform when speeches are to be made. Were we not shocked at the elder Duke of Marlborough's tweed suit at a fashionable church wedding and do we not recall Sloat Fassett's bad break when he took off his coat to put his Bowery audience at ease, as he thought?

Fatal error! The audience wants its candidate to dress up for the occasion. And we do not doubt for a moment that a popular vote at Madison Square Hall would have sustained Mr. Harrison in his course,

THE UNTIPPED WAITRESS.

The waitresses in Chicago restaurants who are threatening to strike allege as one of their causes of discontent that they receive no tips.

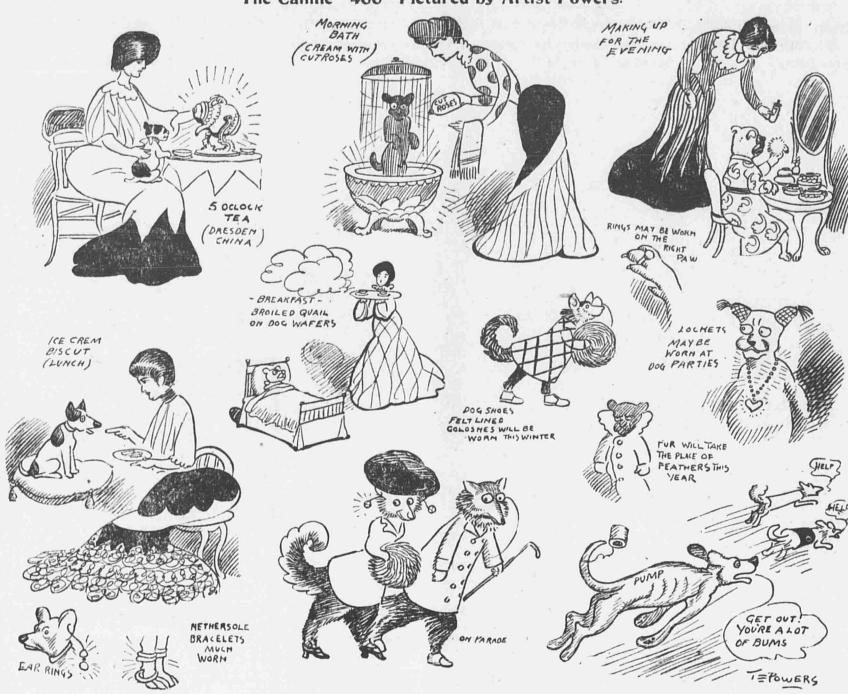
They undoubtedly speak truly. The restaurant patron who quails before a man waiter's expectant eye and parts unwillingly with a coin evens accounts with himself when the girl waiter serves him. No fear assails him then; no unwilling dime escapes from his pocket. He may cheat himself with the thought that a cheap compliment compensates in part for his stinginess. It a delusion. Even the valuest of her sex prefers to

case the cash and let the credit of her good looks go. And we cannot see what the waitress is going to do bout it. Woman is still the weaker vessel. Man may a pride in the reflection that he has permitted her to pate herself from a previous condition of servio and helped to put her on a higher pedestal than used to occupy. But when it comes to employing in those lines of business activity for which her pation has titted her, when it comes to a considn of her salary as stenographer, or bookkeeper, or n, or teacher, then he recalls her inferiority her half what a man would get. It is not only who has cause for complaint at man's in-

THE = EVENING=

High Life in New York Dogdom.

The Canine "400" Pictured by Artist Powers.



One New York woman has silver toilet articles, Dresden china dishes and silver milk flagons for her pet kiyudles. She feeds her dogs ice cream, crys'allized chestnuts and such luxuries, shoes them with kid and clothes them fashionably. Isn't that funny, and quite like Mr. Powers's cartoon?



the other night? was doin' the basement winder act in-

stead of the second story parlor.

RIFT IN THE GLOOM



I ruther like deliverin' these peck orders. Selun-Right; it's just proper exercise, that's all. (Two horse laughs.)

ART CRITIC'S NOTE.



"Does not work with sufficient free-

WARY.

Mrs. Youngwed-And what are these? Dealer-Salt mackerel, mum Mrs. Y .- Are they quite fresh?

The Vplifting of Bettie-By Sara L. Coleman

(Copyright, 1902, by the Daily Story Pub, Co.) FITTIE was always pretty, but that morning as she swept down the forest primeval she was a picture The rapid movement had flung the blood into her checks, her hair had blown about her face, her lips were parted, and her eyes were shining. Bettie's eyes

Nicholson stepped out of the road to give her flying steed the right of way. As she flashed by her sunbonnet, held to her throat by its strings, danced on her shoulders.

Nicholson sat on the log and pondered. A beautiful thought had come to him. As the girl passed she said, "Howdy, mister." There was a strong grain of philanthropy in Nicholson and the chance to work out a long cherished plan was at hand. All his life he had heard of the narrowness and ignorance and poverty of these shut-ins among whom he was thrown. As seen they had not appealed to him, but there were possibilities in this beautiful child.

So enthused was he with his protect so intent on mapping out a programme that would bring beauty into the forest child's life, that he looked up to find the object of his thoughts approaching.

She was riding slowly, and as she neared Nicholson her horse swerved, a rabbit scuttled from the fern bed Nicholson sprang to his feet and seized the bridle.

It was all very simply and naturally done. No doubt the spirit of the forest was in sympathy with Nicholson and had thrown this chance at him.

But he stood speechless and awkward. clinging to the mountaineer's horse. His acquaintance with young women had not extended to those who flung a "Howdy. mister," at him. The forest engulfed her, so quickly did

she vanish.

When it finally occurred to him that she did not mean to return-he was sit ting on the ricss-covered log at the time-he got to his feet and followed The road fell into a compromise be tween road and trail as it climbed. followed a sparkling stream. Nicholson passed alluring by-paths to hesitate at a foot bridge that crossed the

the log and followed a foot path that wound its narrow way upward. A stir in the branches of a tree above him caused Nicholson to look up as Bettie, who sat in a crotch of the tree,

stream and left the trail. He crossed

looked down. In retrospective afterthought Nicholwas forced to confess to himself that in the morning spent with Bettle he had not once thought of his philan-

thropic scheme or of the social gulf that yawned between them. When next he climbed to the Eagie Nest-she had told him that the double cabin above them was her home and called Eagle Nest-he carried a small picture of the Child and Madonna, prettily framed. It was a favorite of his,

glints like Bettie's eyes.

She looked at the picture gravely. "It 'pears ter me," she drawied, "thet the little 'un favors its mar powerful." Nicholson gave up Bettle's reformation then and there-he abandoned it in

Every day he crossed the footbridge to find Bettie. Every fibre of his being

NICHOLSON'S EXPERIMENT.



SHE LOOKED AT THE PICTURE GRAVELY.

and some idea of giving it to her, of telling its story and in this way of making a beginning was in his mind. He found Bettle under the tree and husily engaged at something she thrust in her bonnet when he approached. He took the picture from his pocket and handed it to her.

"It's a picture I'm fond of," he said, hesitating. "May I give it to you?" Bettie's face were its witch look. It crinkled up with delight, and the brown pools of her eyes-when the sun strikes a clear mountain stream to its heart it

rejoiced in the long summer days-days that only high altitudes breed. The toxication of living in close touch with sun and air and earth in their summer mood was upon him. Smiling, indul-gent, happy, he lived in the lighthearted, untroubled present. But paying is part of life's game, and borrowed

joy carries a heavy interest. The day came when the man climbed the hill with lagging steps. "I'm going home," he told her abrupt-

lv. "Be you?" nonchalmotly.



"You'll marry a mountaineer and forget me?' "More'n likely."
"You love me." savagely. Bettle laughed with the abandon of a

"Law, naow," she said, "ain't ye funnin'?" She drew herself up and the cool tinkle of ice in a glass was in her voice. 'I air capable o' takin' keer o' my-Again she dimpled and cooed. "Good evenin'-it-air time to milk old

Nicholson had been dismissed as coldly as hits own sister could have done it. There was a wonderful moon that night. It balanced itself on a mountain crest, swung off into space and swept up the wall of the sky, putting out the fire of the stars in its path.

It fell on Nicholson, who climbed the big hill with steps that did not lag; It fell on Bettle and left soft, uncertain patches on her white gown. A silence that filters through to the core of one's spirit held the heights. A wisp of a cloud, white as the dream of one beloved, followed the moon's track.

Nicholson came suddenly from the shadow of the little porch where Bettle sat. He had never been to the Eag'e Nest before. He knew nothing of the girl's home life. He took off his hat and stood before

"Could you marry me to-mo"row?" he

asked. Bettle disappeared in the shadow "Tain't likely," she said, with a spirit. Nicholson stormed up the steps and lifted her from the chair into his arms "Jes' come 'n' see my aunt," said

Bettle, some time later. Nicholson followed her into the cabin. It may have been the pictures on the wall, the books scattered everywhere, the open plano-one of a dozen thingst may have been Bettie herself, wearing a conventional gown and with softly puffed hair, her face crinkled up with

pured hair, her face crinkled up with mischief.

"Who are you?" demanded Nicholson, sternly. "What are you doing here?"

"Jes' restin." said Bettie. "I be a book writer." apologetically.
Half unconsciously Nicholson lifted the nearest book from the table.

"Hopes Afield," he read, by Elizabeth Burroughs.
He knew the book. For months it had been among the best sellers. As he put it down his eyes fell on the Madona, his gift.

"So you made a fool of me for the sake of material?" His voice was bitter. Bettle reflected. "I war experimentin." she confessed.
Scelng the look on his face she went to him swiftly.

him swiftly.

The gypsy vanished—all woman, she stretched out her arms to him.

"I hate experiments," sobbed Elisabeth

Few Remarks.

Mostly on the Topics of the Day.

Hail to the glad November, Wherein we don't yet know Which of us will eat turkey And which must dine on crow!

How paradoxical that when Johnson's confession strayed from the path of logic it was at once branded as patho-

"There's one consolation in the change of seasons.'

"What is it?" "By the time the coal man begins to resent his bill the mosquito withdraws

If Congress had been in session the Capitol dome mirage could easily have been explained on the theory of escaping hot air.

Mrs. Style-I want a hat, but it must be in the latest style. Shopman-Kindly take a chair, madam, and wait a few minutes; the fashion is just changing-Tit-Bits.

Venezuela has apologized again. This time to France for locking up a French-

man. The politeness of our South American sisters beats all!

"We have no three-for-five-cent cigars, sir. The cheapest cigar we have is two cents straight."

"Well, give me a couple, then. I don't care how much I pay so long as I get a really good smoke."

Some people seem to think it right is To call the word "appendicytis," Though the sensation no more sweet is To find one has "appendiceetis."

"If there ever was, it's there still. never heard of a politician extracting any from it."

shut just how the election is coming

"Is there any honesty in politics?"

out has three whole days left in which "I played May J.," the Sport observed.

The crowd exclaimed: "Well done!" 'I played May J.," the Sport went on, "Two months before she won." "Why do you say you'd never marry

While Hill fiddled the Garden burned. partnership, not to be absorbed in a

The mosquito-exterminators are taking a mean advantage over the absent

in boasting of their successes at a time

when the mosquito is no longer here to

That there's no rhyme for "silver" One fact may well atone: For silver has a jingle

give its own version of the battle.

Peculiarly its own.

Even the two weeks' grace granted by Mayor Low to the soft coal nulsance will be sufficient to blacken our white' buildings more than would two years of normal atmosphere.

The Mullah might be still madder if he knew how quickly he has vanished from the news.

If every one could be a millionaire Of one fact there would not be any

doubt: Folks who for rheumatism seek the

Of doctor, all would find that they had gout.

Miles—I wonder why a woman seldom alks to herself? Glies—Because in that case she would Giles—Because in that case she would have to do the listening also—Chicago News. Now let the romantic novelist proceed

to utilize the West Indian lunar eclipse for the usual purpose of releasing the hero, whose terrified captors are to be made to believe that a dragon is making a table d'hote dinner off the moon.

"He married her because he thought she was the cleverest, most beautiful woman on earth. But I wonder why she married him." "Probably because he showed such

splendid judgment." There seems to be some difficulty in The man who can tell with his eyes finding just where conscience ends and

"pathological lying" ends. "If I were worth \$1,000,000 the very first thing I'd do would be to buy a \$100 Paris hat." "In other words, so much wealth

would go to your head." "Have you contributed to the Republican campaign fund?" "I'm not quite sure. I bought \$50

'When I marry it'll be to form a worth of groceries last week." LOVE LED TO ROSE DEATH.

Kissing a Flower from the Hair of Girl Who Rejected Him, Engineer Andrews Took His Lite.

O the perfume of a flower clings as- | He went straight to the Pennsylvania sociations that neither the ravages Railroad Depot, and in less than an of time nor misfortune can eradi-

To-day one picks up a spray of honeysuckle and the heavy, voluptuous odor carries the mind over the hills of time to other days. Now it is to a memory of surpassing sweetness, and again is may be that the suggestion of a certain odor may recall scenes that are better lost in the oblivion of the past,

This is the strange Influence contained in the tiniest petal of a flower, and there are various which h a v e respectively opposite effects.

The rose for instance-the red rose -is invariably chosen as the sym bol of love. Very few know why this shou'd be so, but

certain it is that through association ROSE ALLIBONE. the perfume of a red rose seldem fails to recall a tender moment somewhere in the half-forgotten

William Andrews never knew thisuntil the infinite yearning for his loved one's presence prompted him to ask her for a flower-a red rose. It is a strangely sad but sweet story,

the woman's name was Rose. Andrews was a civil engineer, and spent most of his time in the city of Philadelphia puzzling over problem concerning bridges, viaducts and all the other dry and dusty subjects so dear

to the engineer's heart. But in spite of his keen enthusiasm and the hours spent over mysterious algebraic figures Andrews's thoughts often wandered from his engineering work, and many a time, in place of the draughtsman's plans and suggestions, he saw for a brief moment the sweet face of Rose-the Rose of Trenton.

He always saw her face in the same light-only her face, with the great, glistening eyes that held for him all that was good and pure. Her cheeks, he remembered so well,

were always flushed with the beauty of a half-blown rose. This suggestion was intensified in reality by the little red rose which it

was her custom to twine in the wreathes of her soft, black hair. This was Rose Allibone-Andrews's Rose of Trenton-the woman whose womanly graces had struck the soft-

chords of the engineer's heart. Sometimes he left uninteresting Philadelphia and would visit Rose at home in Trenton. Each time he went he learned to love her more and more, and after each visit life in Philadelphia seemed more uninteresting-more dreary, He could not live without her.

Last Wednesday morning, as Andrews was travelling to his office in a street car, a lady brushed past him. In her m a little red rose nestled.

Andrews did not notice her, but he was suddenly filled with an irresistibe desire see Rose-Rose of Trenton-to speak to her-to tell her the whole sad, sweet his face. story of his love, and ask the question which meant to him-life or death. Without her life would be worse than

hour he was by her side.

She was surprised to see him.

What trivial things these were at that moment; yet they meant so much to If she had only smiled, or had her eyes glimmered for a moment with the

tell-tale fire, he would have known and felt assured, and happy. But, no; her face expressed no new

She was as beautiful as ever, and beneath her shining black hair there glowed the petals of the red rose. He told his story like a man. Of

course, he faltered. It was a task less

easy than the building of a bridge. Rose lifted her eves to his. In them there shone-not the fire of love-but a light of unutterable regret,

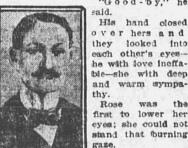
and sympathy. She respected him, she said, and she felt the great honor he had offered her; but in duty to him and to herself, as a woman, she could not, would not, consent to be his wife.

She did not love him, much as she be lieved in him-respected him. That was

William Andrews slowly arose to his feet and aimlessly looked for his hat He loved her more for the sweet sympathy she gave him; and, of course, it

would be selfish. But, oh! it was hard-

"Good-by," he



they looked into each other's eyeshe with love ineffable-she with deep and warm sympathy. Rose was first to lower her eyes; she could not stand that burning

As she bowed her WILLIAM ANDREWS, head, Andrews saw scented the sweet, sleepy odor. His eyes filled with tears.

"Let me take it." he said huskily. Just the one favor. I will keep itfor your sake, Rose-until the end." Then he went away, and the Rose of Trenton watched him from the window as he walked with slow step and bent

Did she really love him, after all, she wondered? Andrews went to the United States Hotel, where he engaged a room. Once inside he locked the door and sat down, burying his face in his hands, He had forgotten for a moment the rose which was still clutched in his cold

As he pressed his face into the paims, the odor of crushed petals reached his noctries. That was more than he could

The room seemed full of Rose, and the air with the scent of red roses. drew the fatal weapon from his pocket and placed it to his right temple. The sweet, red bud he held close to

"Good by," he whispered. And that was the end, but the odor of roses still lingered in the room